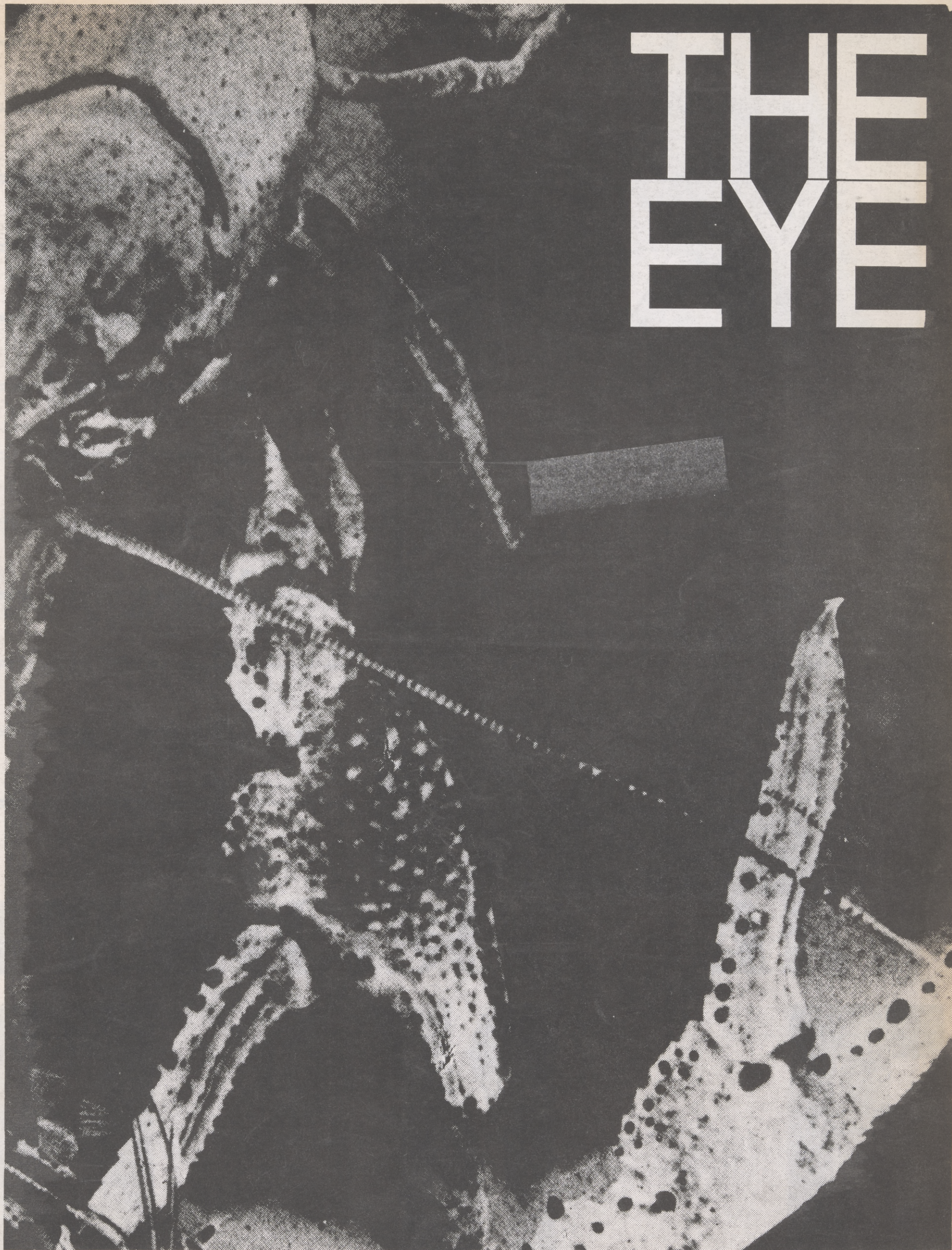
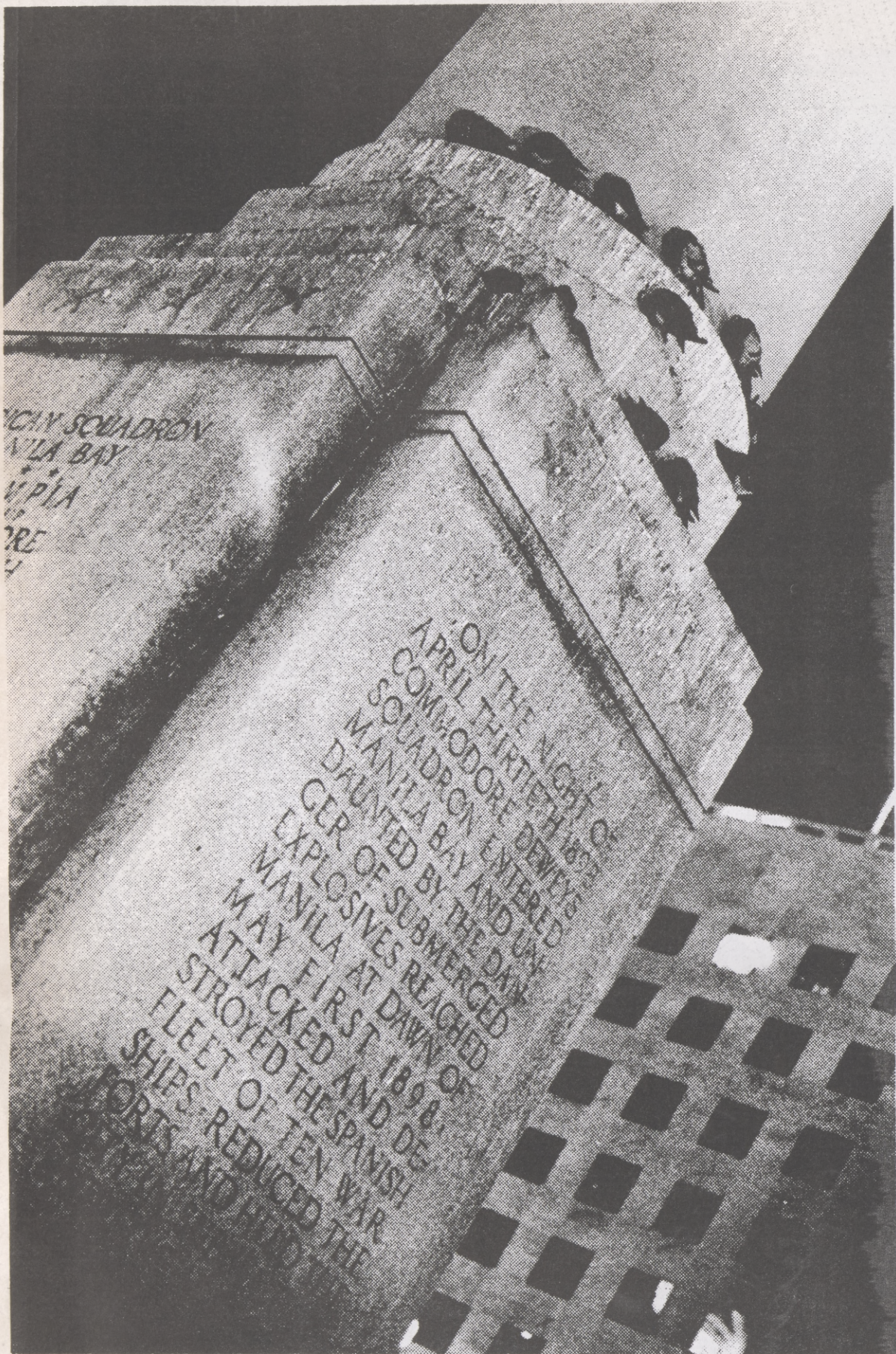


c. 12-1988

# THE EYE







Ariane Paulsen

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Dishing with Cliff → Cliff Hengst

Last Wednesday → Nicholas DiLeo

Cartoon → Jeff Beauchamp

Pull Gently, Please → Billie G. Lynn

Triptych → Wolfgang Kohler

The Test → anonymous

Poems → Various

Restaurant Review → John Weir

Record Reviews → Various

Active Eyes → Carol Johnson

The Demon of Punk Hotel → Spot Mahoney

Broken Time → E. Kodiak

# FRANCISCO ART EYE





# Letters to the Editor

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Dear Editor,

## CAUTION ALL SFAI STUDENTS

The Moonies are at our back door! Some of you may already know that from experience ... they have an office on Columbus called the National Student Organization, and often they are young attractive European types in their twenties. Their tactics are to bring Europeans and Americans together to get to know each other and have cultural exchanges.

They have dinner parties every night at their headquarters. The fact is, that they don't come out and say who they are because of their reputation as being a strange cult. They are interested in SFAI students because most of us are young and open minded. SO BEWARE!

Anne Marie Adams

Dear Editor,

What this school really needs is a student union. You know, like a lounge. We could have it in the sub-basement. We could have an orange couch and we could hang a painting over it. Maybe we could have a T.V. so we could watch reruns of the Munsters.

Mike T.V.

Dear Editor,

I want to express my outrage at the recent defacing of a painting in the Diego Rivera Gallery. It was the act of an immature geek and if they ever catch the stupid little shit they should stage a public execution in the quadrangle at high noon.

Mad-as-a-Wet-Hun in Milpitas

Dear Editor,

Too many people smoke at this place! We should have a no-smoking section in the cafe, and no-smoking studios, too. Don't all these smokers realize that San Francisco is a smoke-free zone?

No-Smokey the Bear

Dear Editor,

I think the biggest problem on campus is micro-fine dust in the video editing department.

Shadey Lady

"God is Dead"  
Nietzsche

"God isn't dead. God is CHANGED.  
God is friggin' post-atomic!"  
J. Stallory

"Oppression Breeds Expression."  
E. Kodiak

"Just leave my name out of it!"  
Richard "Dickie Baby" Fiscus

"If I started asking for interviews, I'd come home in a box."  
Patrick McGuire, in Belfast,  
N. Ireland

"Only those who attempt the absurd achieve the impossible."  
Anonymous



Ramon Quanta la Gusta



# DISHING

with CLIFF

## ON TELEVISION

You know, lately, with all the wonderful things to do in The City, I've been allowing myself the simple pleasure of watching T.V. When I lived in L.A. with my folks and Mom would click on "Wheel of Fortune" I'd hop on my high horse and gallop out of the living room with my nose held up high, muttering, "That's where I draw MY line".

But things are different now. A few months ago I began the seemingly harmless habit of flipping on the T.V. I'd turn it on, anytime, day or night, just twisting those channels out, hearing a satisfying clunk and a flash of light with each new station 'til I found something to settle on. But I'm not as picky as I used to be, no-sir-ree-bob. Now I'll watch just about anything. Yes, I'm a T.V. hoe!

And the things I watch! My favorite night is Saturday, when "227", "Amen", and "The Golden Girls" are shown back to back. Ninety minutes of lip smacking brainless entertainment. I just love that 'Sandra' character on "227"; she's a real drag queen's delight. To hear her purr, "Maaaary, this is Saaahn-drah" is something one must find time for. Then there's the "Golden Girls", with enough dish to serve a large Thanksgiving dinner on, relatives included. And, of course, there's late night T.V. with "David Letterman", "Charlie's Angels", "Benny Hill", "The Honeymooners", ... I'm soiling my briefs!

But my obsession with that flickering blue eyeball of Satan doesn't just end with evening broadcasts. On no! There are just too many good shows on during the day. Sometimes when I'm running late I just say "fuck it", pull up a chair and watch "I Love Lucy" at 9:00 a.m. It puts me in a better mood and allows me to run free on campus later without the slightest desire to kill anyone. Mornings are great too because "Win, Lose, or Draw" is on. I LOVE that show; you can watch your favorite washed-up T.V. stars appear on screen, all vying for your attention. I swear, it's as if Burt Convy and Vicki Lawrence were on their knees, serving penance for their sins, crying out, "Please look at me! I'm not dead yet!" That'll teach her a lesson for starring in "Mama's Family".

But hands down, if I was forced to spit out my all-time favorite daytime television show, it would have to be "The New Hollywood Squares"—Dee-lish! Everyone on the show not only screams for attention, they kill for it. Forget all those old notions you had with that old Hollywood Squares, this is brand new, processed, sugar-coated ecstasy! For starters, they threw out that Peter Marshall guy and replaced him with John Davidson, the runner-up (behind Dick Clark) of the I-am-a-man-yet-wear-a-lot-of-Mary-Kay contest. He resembles a mannequin, and when he smiles you'd swear you were in Disneyland. And, instead of the famous "Center Square" Paul Lynde, they've got the Paul Lynde of this decade, J. M. J. Bullock. J. M. J. is just as queeny and loads better looking than Paul. With his razor tongue and dramatic flair, I'll bet even Michael Musto is green with envy. With all this going, why even bother with school? I'll just stay at home, and snuggle up in my tattered terry-cloth robe, with my Cap'n Crunch in one hand and my coffee in the other, cackling away like some worn out, half-drunk old bitch.

## ON TYPES

DID YOU KNOW that there are certain "types" of art students? Yes! These types can seriously damage your brain.

### THE DISTURBED PAINTER

The Disturbed Painter is almost a classic. The D.P. is generally dressed in black clothes with lots of paint on them. They don't like to say much. They don't laugh much and don't shave their face if they are men, or their armpits and legs if they are women. The D.P. smokes a lot, usually bumming cigarettes from those around him. The D.P. likes to twist his arms and legs around his torso during a critique. D.P.s also like to let the world think they are living a tortured existence on earth which they aren't, thanks to daddy's money. D.P.s think that all painters who are making it in New York are assholes, and will usually slag off any major (or for that matter, minor) show. D.P.s usually smell like funky cheese dipped in armpit sauce.

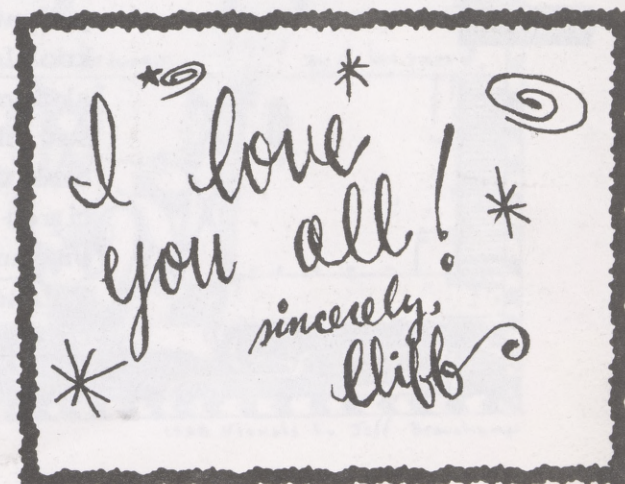
## THE ART PUNK

Yecch! Ye gads, it's a miracle these guys still exist. A.P.s have a hard time dealing with the fact that the Sex Pistols broke up over ten years ago. These guys run around campus writing capital "A"s with circles around them. Hoo boy, Anarchy! What a refreshing new concept. A.P.s usually shave their heads, be it half off or the more demure skinhead. They also have no sense of humor, killing off conversation for miles around. A.P.s will listen to anything that sounds truly horrible; if it's an indie, it's a given. A.P.s usually try to start bands, and like to get real fucked-up on the weekends so they can play better. A.P.s like to laugh at everyone who isn't in their small circle of friends, and will get real serious around their own. The truly heart-warming thing to note about A.P.s is that they will usually become yuppies and spend the rest of their lives telling their children all about how they jumped off a loudspeaker at a D.K. concert in '82.

## RAINBOW PEOPLE

Rainbow People drove to The City via Hell in a V.W. van with dancing bear stickers all over it. Some people say that R.P.s are the illegitimate children of Jerry Garcia. They smell like that hippie oil you can buy on Haight Street. These guys walk around in multi-layered clothing, usually tie-die under-sweater-under-Peruvian woven something. They wear Birkenstocks and have these horrible woven string things around their wrists and ankles. Due to a large ingestion of narcotics, D.P.s have a hard time with color — they will usually use the entire spectrum on one painting. These paintings bring to a dead standstill any critique, and a glazed look to the instructor's eyes. R.P.s respond to harsh criticism of their work with the statement, "Like, I really wanted my situation in life, you know, man". Uh-huh.

More types in the future...





# LAST WEDNESDAY

## Nicholas DiLeo

Abysmal deluge of inquisition, ancient pigments, virtuous rose madder. Insipid clouds, ethereal heights. Bob Dylan knew three dogs. Track lights of ruthless rapport, boxes teeming with illegitimate frenzied nuances, printed matter, matter of fact. Resolute visionaries stoning the temples, self castigating atonement, calm and innocuous breaths. Lines connected with regret for timelessness, ephemeral absolutes deconstructing, building on the ruins dusty and warm, perspiring with the tepid veils of the cracked font. Naked parapets. He knew it was Wednesday for all the doctors were at ease.

Doors which open easily were now stuck. This young man sanguine and phlegmatic, jarred the mechanism without intent or preoccupation. Coming in out of the rain was always a conscious transition. Alone was a constant companion, because he had many friends who gave themselves twofold to his presence.

Toland walked through time, space was his variable. He picked up his guitar in need of two strings and rejoiced in the presence of the other four. Tickling the ribbed steel strings brought the calluses on his fingers into context, and let the oil on his dirty plates transcend their caste. He knocked about a couple of songs going in and out of each with intervals of side glances to the back of his painting. His most mundane acts were ritual ceremony.

The painting was large and barely fit inside the room. If he could speak the words could not contend with the asylum his painting created. The surface was thick with color applied by fingertip. He tickled the paint with the same exactitude that he played his guitar and dialed the phone. Rudimentary forms were the visible images. They seemed best to avoid the pedantic symbolism Toland had no knowledge of. His expressions were always in the moment, that is why most saw him as disorganized or without direction. Most people live behind the times and take the circumstance of the present as an indication of the future. Toland had a gate unbroken and blinded to his means.

The Kwakiutl Indians have three concepts of time, the present, the new past, and the distant past. In their most celebrated states they occupy all three at once. They have no problem resolving it with their conscience. To have guilt you need aggression.

Toland's painting lived in all states, where he was and was not. He made the rudimentary the distant past. He traveled to a more familiar vein that pumped the generation of his thought. The archaic fountainhead was the lexicon of his work. He lived in the essence he created, corporeal matters were his pleasantries.

Toland laughed, he thought of the seamstress who had sewn the buttons on his shirt. The buttons were plastic marbelized trinkets priceless to him, for he knew they kept his shirt secured and himself from a chill. He wondered if this seamstress had ever sewn on antler or even ivory buttons. Did whales make paintings on the ocean floor?

The phone rang and within the fertile lapses of time between rings Toland started his symphony. "Happiness is a warm gun . . . ." The brush dropped like a cantilever into the soup can and came up glistening with an infinite coke bottle green that stopped the phone. At twelve o'clock high the arm came down and struck the canvas. Toland contorted and the whiz of a century shot through his buttonholes and made a thin pitched line on his time frame. The pressure which engulfed the room was implosive, the furniture stood still in its tracks. His stomach contracted and he groaned, he believed in this moment he lived it and knew nothing outside it.

The rain was petering out and the morning was in its shortest and most vivid dream. With a long sweeping motion he shut the gate of his past to the wall, and left his brush to steep. A mirth filled his pillow and he made another transition to a new place where he could bring his time and be in his painting until the doctors went home and thought about tomorrow.



THE

SUBWAY

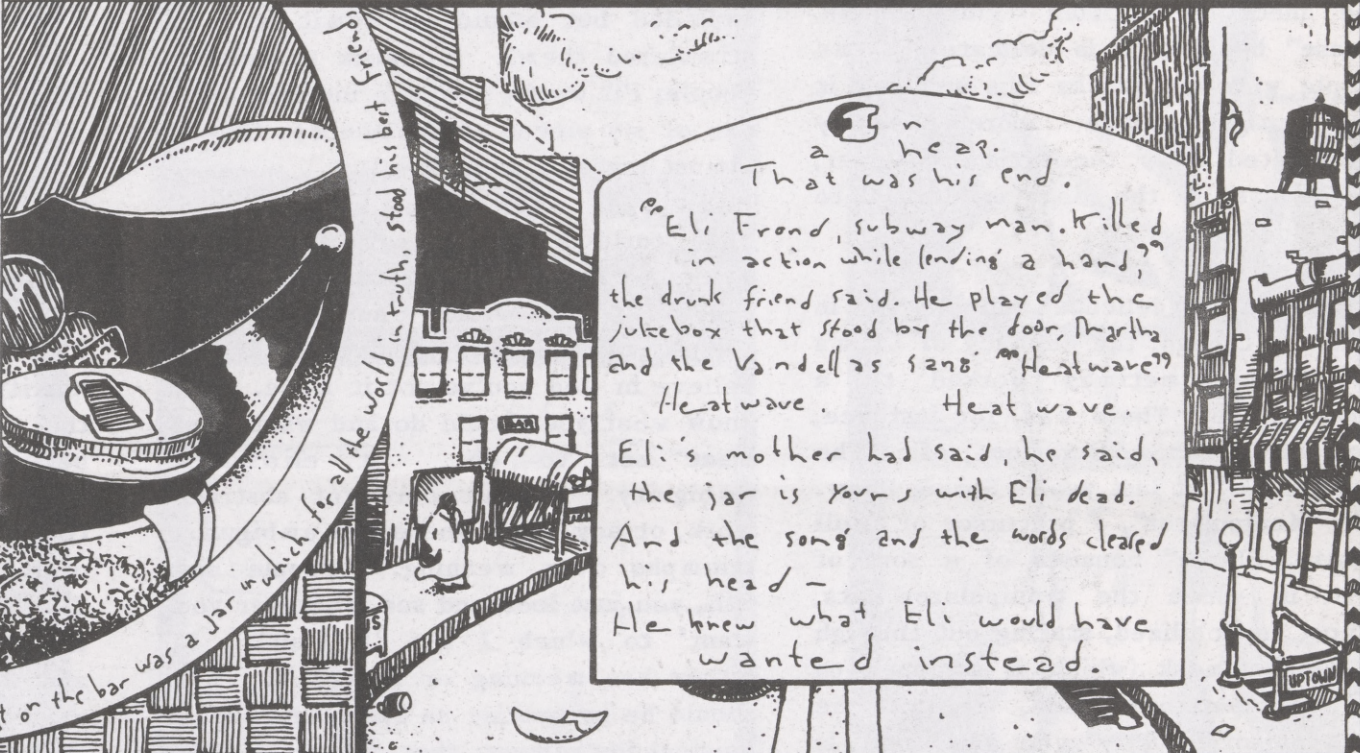
CONDUCTOR

He stared at his hat that sat on the bar and by the way drunks stare...

...he knew that he was drunk.



Seutnik, he said - and he loved saying it. (A great word to say, incidentally, for men who are drunk).



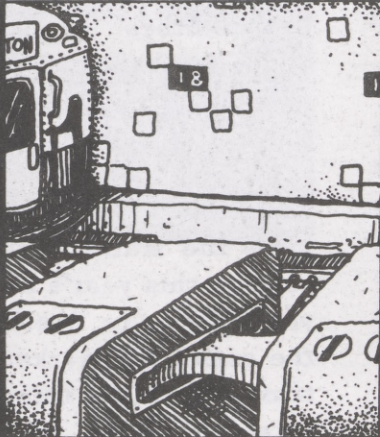
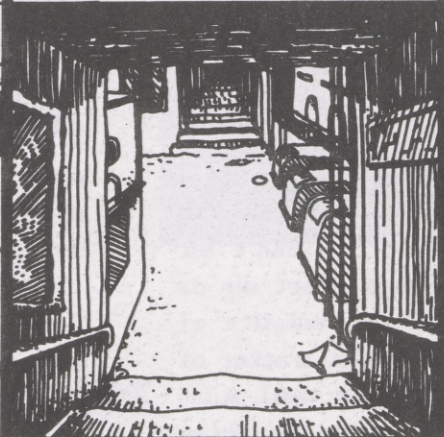
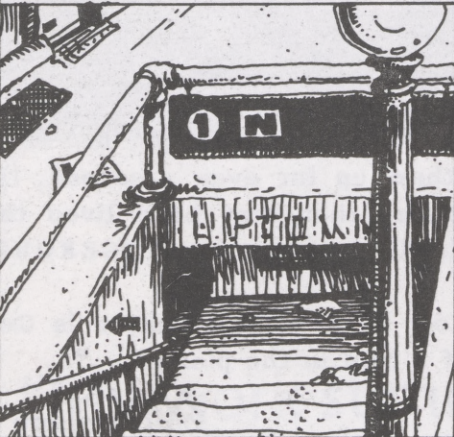
In a heap.  
That was his end.  
"Eli Frond, subway man. Killed in action while lending a hand," the drunk friend said. He played the jukebox that stood by the door, Martha and the Vandellas sang "Heatwave" Heatwave. Heat wave.  
Eli's mother had said, he said, the jar is yours with Eli dead. And the song and the words cleared his head - He knew what Eli would have wanted instead.

So down with his hat,

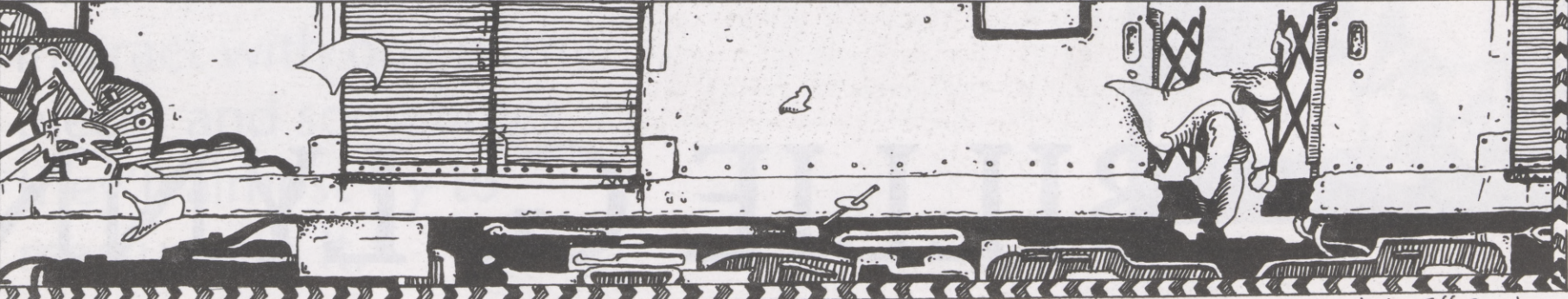
his jar and his fears,

he rode homeward

by subway across many years.



And roaring and crying as he balanced between two cars, he sprinkled Eli Frond between 42nd and beyond.





# "PULL GENTLY, PLEASE"

"PULL GENTLY, PLEASE" is a large construction by San Francisco Art Institute graduate student Billie G. Lynn. Its form is that of a marionette. A human male, fashioned of wood, hangs suspended from a complex structure fabricated of steel. Controls are attached to the figure's arms, legs, hands, feet, head and penis.

The piece is entitled "Pull Gently, Please" because it is delicate. Some people were put off by this and felt it should have been more sturdily constructed. To the artist, however, the delicacy of the piece is integral to its meaning.

"Human life IS delicate", says Lynn. In the past, though, the delicacy of Lynn's work has sometimes worked to a disadvantage. There was, for instance, the disastrous castration of "The Manipulator" at last year's Spring Show. "The Manipulator", a precursor of "Pull Gently, Please" consists of a sort of cage in which the manipulator sits, almost immobilized, staring out through a welding mask (which is strapped to the manipulator's face, raising the question of exactly who the title is referring to) at a small figurine which can be controlled by means of foot pedals and hand controls.

It is this interactive quality which is the most singular aspect of Lynn's work. In my conversation with her she revealed that when she does a piece lacking in this crucial quality, people will circle it, poking and prodding and finally asking "What does it do?".

"People are hedonistic" says Lynn. "I try to do work that will snap them out of it, and bring them to some awareness of themselves and of the people around them, but too often people treat my work as entertainment. Americans want something that moves: television, fast cars, the adrenalin rush of watching the space shuttle explode. People loved that. They were glad it exploded but afraid to admit it. It stimulated them. My work stimulates people; I'll watch someone interact with one of my pieces and sometimes they'll almost try to masterbate it.

"The world is built on a false sense of value. Everything is absurd. Anyone can go to the Grand Canyon and see the absurdity of doing sculpture. If you believe in God you've got it made. You know what you should do and when, and what not to do. It eliminates ambiguity. I don't care for abstract work, or any work where the ambiguous triumphs over meaning. People say 'Oh, you just look and see whatever you want' to which I say 'Bullshit'. It either has meaning or it hasn't. Art should be as precise as the playing of a musical instrument; that way it will be undeniable. It's like the "Emperor's New Clothes" or like Julian Schnabel. There's nothing to it, but no one will admit it. Big, ugly turds - get 'em off the wall!

"But that's largely a matter of who gives the market value. You can't let on that this year's hot star is hot air or you'll bring to question the validity of the entire art market. It's a matter of trust. That big thing on the wall must retain its value or the next big thing won't sell.

"Of course, everything's absurd. This new trend of 'Artist as Shaman' is just a way to give artists a purpose instead of just accepting the absurdity. It's about myth. Joseph Campbell said that a myth is a public dream. As long as everything is absurd, you should do the most absurd. If you're going to be absurd anyway - do it big! Maybe that's what I'm doing - creating The Myth of Absurdity.

"For instance, this conversation is the most important thing we're doing at this moment - but across town, who cares? The further you get from this table the more absurd it becomes; imagine how absurd, how pointless we'd seem viewed from the next galaxy. That's why the American West is so horrifying; in the East and the South the world is as big as the distance between your back yard and the neighbor's fence. In the West though, the wide open spaces reduce the scale of the individual and that is horrifying. That's what happened to Neil Armstrong when he went to the moon and watched the earth get smaller and smaller. When he got back he needed therapy. The Mona Lisa is another example. It is an artifact, and the further we get from it in time, the more absurd it becomes.

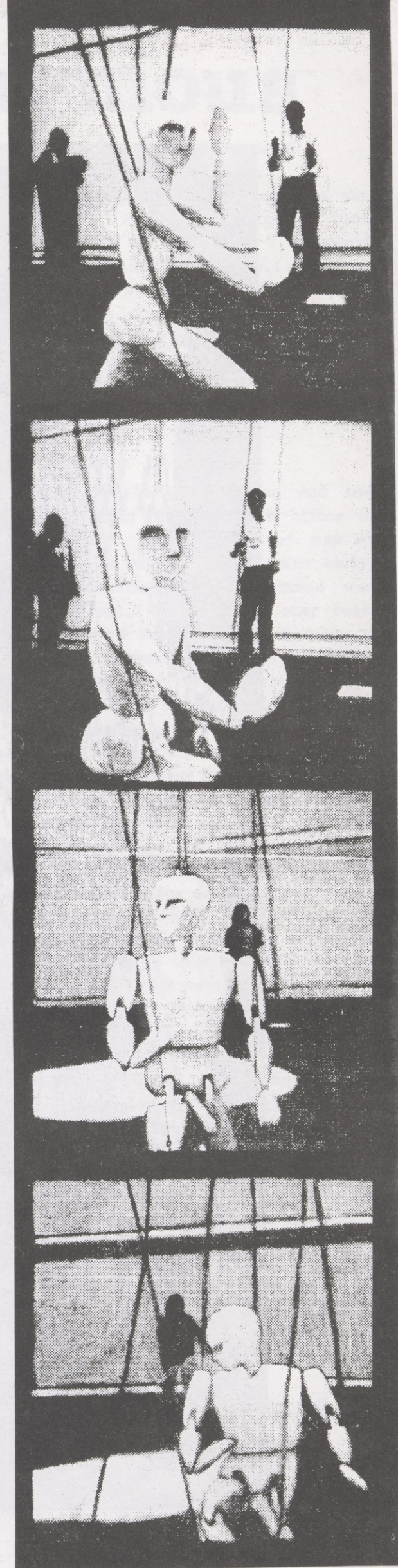
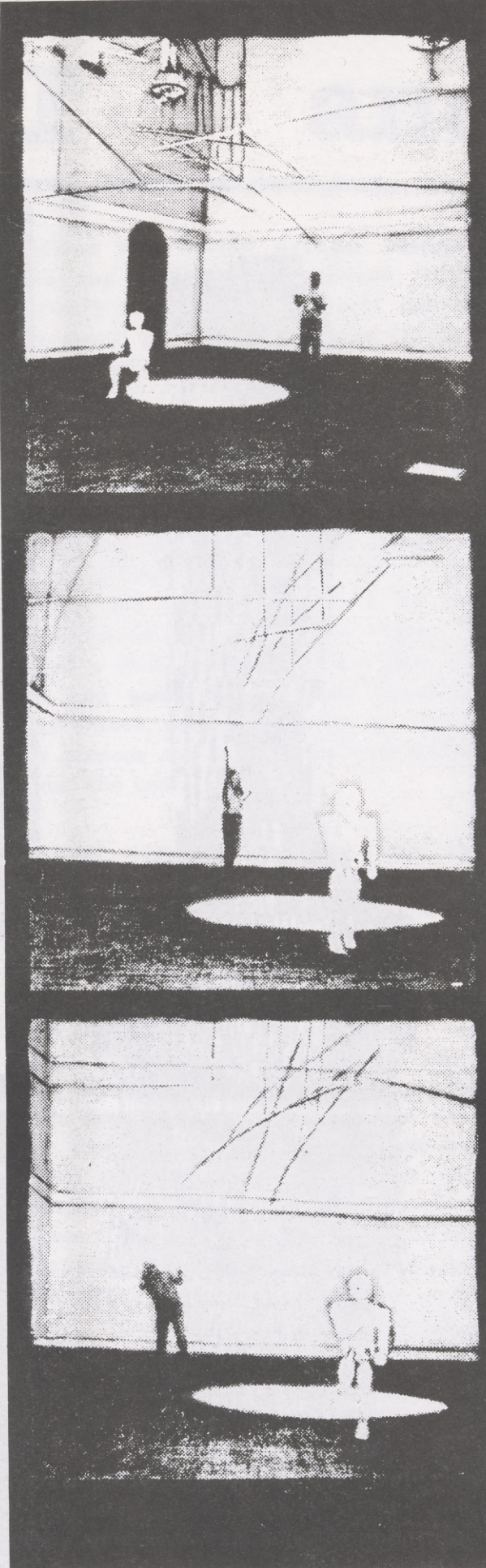
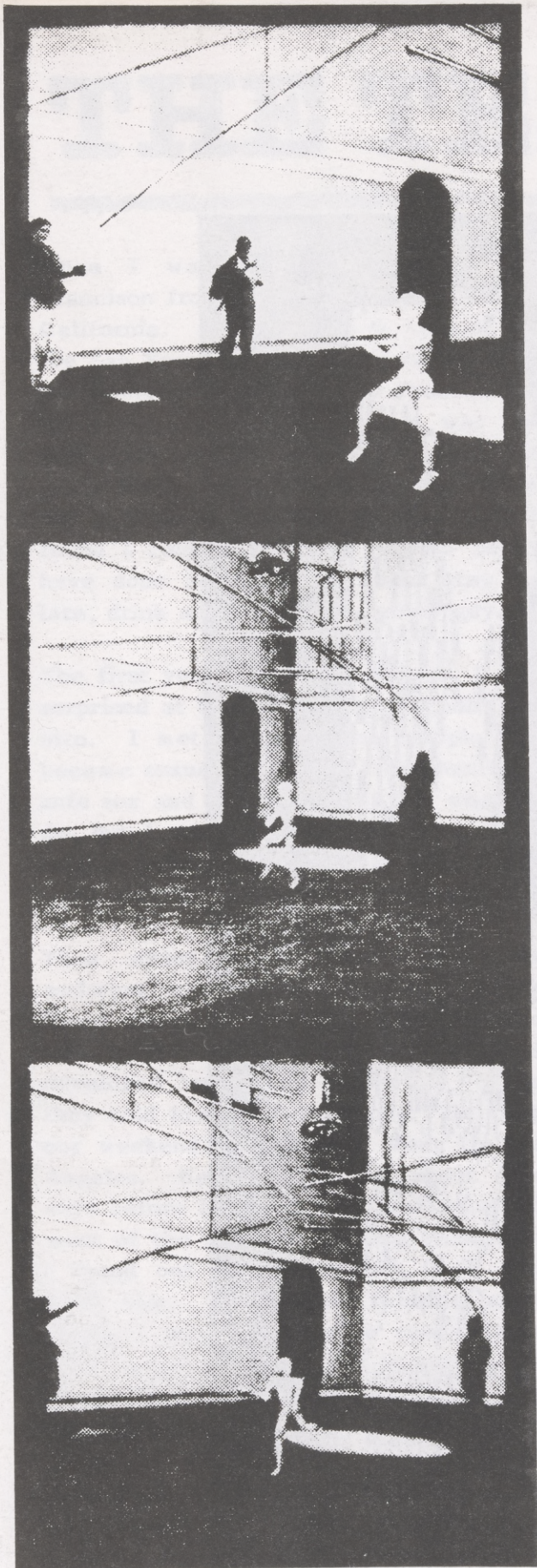
"I want to wake people up, but if you wake them up for even a second, they will realize that they have lived their lives dead. And that is DANGEROUS.

"I wonder if the Grand Canyon is God's idea of a turd in the plaza . . ."

*Jordis Stallory*

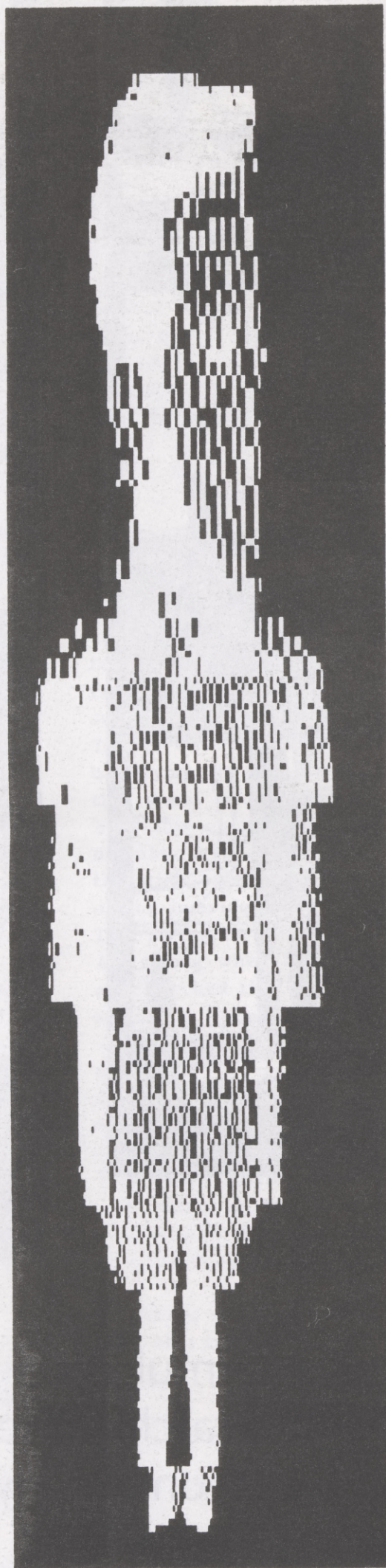
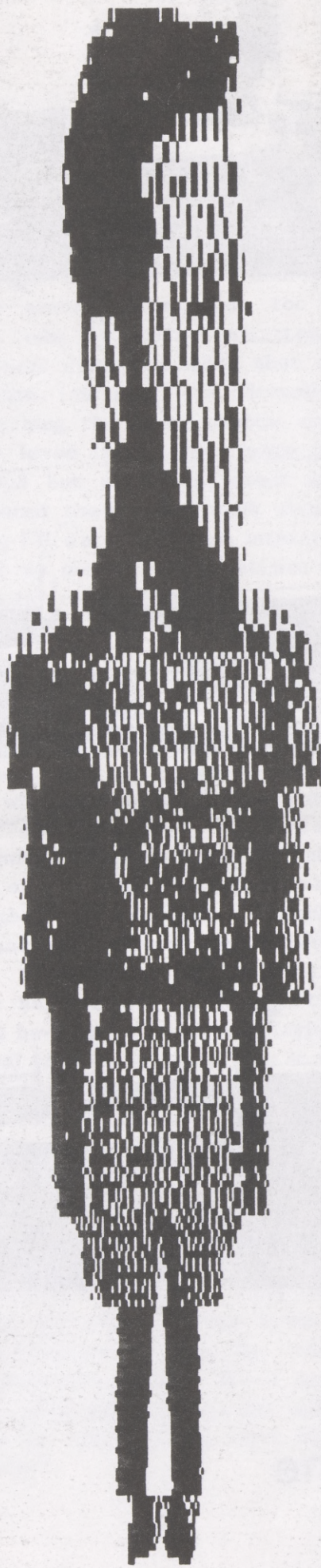
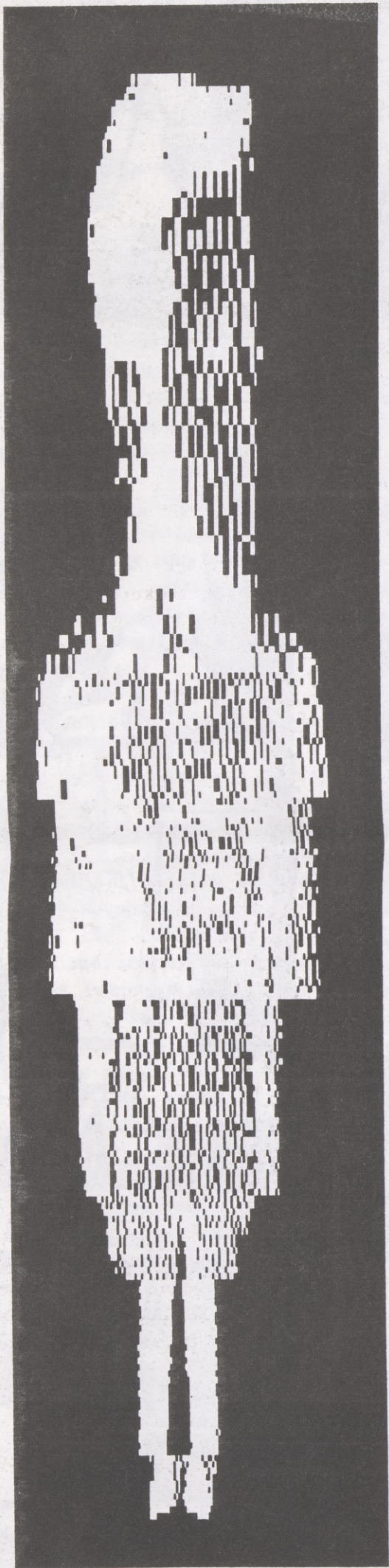
## BILLIE G. LYNN





"My work stimulates people; I'll watch someone interact with one of my pieces and sometimes they'll almost try to masturbate it."





Wolfgang Kohler



# THE TEST

## anonymous

When I was 19, I moved to San Francisco from a small town in central California. I have been a student at the San Francisco Art Institute for two years and have lived in San Francisco a little longer. My move here was my first time away from home. Being free after living with Mom and Dad made me a little wild. For the first time I found I could do things I could never have done at home. I could stay up late, drink and I could be openly gay.

The first year was a lot of fun. I was surprised at how many bars I could get into. I met a lot of new people and became sexually active. I had heard of safe sex and knew pretty much what to do, but I really didn't care since most of the people who were coming down with AIDS were over 30 anyway.

Then about nine months ago the assistant manager at the place I work found out he had AIDS. His condition was quite advanced and he had developed lesions on his arms. When they told him he flipped out. He took our weekend deposits and went to Los Angeles. He was gone for about nine days before he came back and returned most of the money. Shortly after that I found out that a friend's lover had AIDS also. He died six months later. Slowly I was beginning to realize that AIDS was a fact and not something so distanced from me as not to have any importance.

During this time I began to think about my own life, and my sexual experiences. I'd had over 30 different partners in the short time I'd been in San Francisco. I started to get scared. The most dramatic realization — that I could die — came recently. Someone I knew, someone my own age — 21 — died of AIDS. I dwelt on my sexual experiences, and began thinking almost constantly about AIDS.

All my emotions started coming from a different place inside me and I began acting out of fear. I had come from being totally naive about AIDS to being totally afraid of AIDS. A friend suggested taking the antibody test, so that I could know for sure. At first this idea terrified me. I didn't know if I was ready to know for sure. Finally I

realized that I had become obsessed with the panic that surrounds AIDS. Actually testing positive could not be any worse than the way I was treating myself now.

With the encouragement of a few friends I made the test appointment. Nothing had ever been this hard before. When you make an appointment it has to be over the phone and to ensure its confidentiality you give them two letters and two numbers. I set my appointment for a Tuesday night. I asked a close friend to come with me. She had gone with another friend of hers before, so she was able to explain the process and to help me feel calmer about the test.

Tuesday came. We went into the health office in the Castro and were greeted by a short man with long blond hair. He seemed to know how afraid people can be of the test and was very nice. There were about seven other men there to take the test also. We began by watching a 15 minute video tape about what the test means and what drugs are available. There were also testimonials from people who had tested positive. I watched these with distress. After the tape we walked across the room and were assigned new numbers and given dates to return. These dates were all about two weeks away. Then we were seated in a small waiting area. I was the third in line and waited with nervous tension while the other two went in.

When it was my turn, I went in without much feeling. In the room was a large black woman. She could tell I was nervous and told a joke. We both laughed. She had the best laugh — it instantly put me at ease. She took my blood. I watched her put my number on the vial and then I left. It was over and had been much easier than I thought it would be.

Now came the time that, in retrospect, was the worst — the two week wait. I faced these weeks with varying degrees of panic, and was often consoled by friends. I spoke to my roommate at length about what I had done and about how it might affect our living arrangements. She just kept saying it

wouldn't change anything and that she loved me. Many of my friends took time to tell me how much I mattered to them and that either way I would be okay. Little by little I began to realize that AIDS doesn't have to mean isolation. I came to realize that I was using AIDS as a judgment, as a way to say "you're a good person" or "you're a bad person". I was using it to judge myself.

The two weeks came to an end and back we went to the health office in the Castro. My appointment was at 5:00 and we arrived ten minutes early. My conversation with my friend was very labored. She tried to stay calm and I flipped busily through a copy of the New Yorker. At 5:00 the short man with the long blond hair came over to tell me that the psychologist giving me my results would be just a little late. I almost cried. I sat there another ten minutes before my number was called and I was taken into an examining room. I sat down in a soft chair across from the psychologist. He was nice, about 30, and said he had been doing this for a couple years. He explained once again what a negative result would mean and what a positive one would mean also. After that he asked me if I had any questions or if I would just like to know the results. I just wanted to know the results. He flipped through some papers in a manila folder then looked up at me. "Your test results came back negative", he said. It was almost anticlimactic, but as he continued to talk to me, I couldn't help but smile. My smile turned to a grin and I felt my lips somehow stretching from ear to ear. I left the room and met my friend in the lobby. I told her the good news, but she said she could already tell from my smile. I hugged her for at least ten minutes.

**"The most dramatic realization — that I could die — came recently."**



She sits and waits in the drab, coffee-cigarette-colored kitchen. Her heart scrapes and screams on this melancholy day. The achy numbness of a ticking clock makes her wonder what time her curlers will explode. When will it happen? When will her man get home? Will he find her splattered on the walls or washing her lingerie in the bathroom sink? Can she fool herself anymore when his stinking beer-drunk voice stumbles through the door to call her name? Will she be Sleeping Beauty and wake up to find her fairy-tale-prince-come-true? She looks out at the traffic. Dirty, late-afternoon sunlight makes her eyes hurt. She takes two aspirin and waits.

Jennifer

# SONG FOR BRIGIT WHO HAS MOVED TO ARIZONA

by Jennifer Hamm

Hey girl

I was gonna write you a letter while you were  
nestled  
in my neck; wired thru Tucson  
hey shiny  
you are on a back burner simmering beany  
and I haven't forget  
simmering beany like you eat the  
Hispanic food there  
tortilla con  
cacti

It's NOT safe in the neighborhood.  
streets are thick here where I live  
now  
each bootstep  
can my feet be licked and purred clean  
by such a great grey tongue - still so dirty

It's not Grove avenue where we were drunk  
it's not like we were  
where we were  
when you were the one who told me  
my thighs  
were not all so fat  
and the skin on my face  
was nice. is nice.

it's not like we were.  
simmering bean you are  
on the back burner  
within this spine of mine  
simmering beany like I eat the  
Hispanic food here  
this time.  
This is where I live now.



Locke

Mia Houlberg

## GREASED HOMES

Oil rain  
slick the glass shield  
blue rooms become boxes of pain  
detach and travel beyond the memory  
of the mind,  
spider between  
the human and the road  
one more year  
lime hats worn in rooms of lilac blue  
burning fossil fuel



Jane Fichter

They expelled him from the Hotel of Poets because he yelled too loud into the vacuum attachments ... which isn't all that funny, at least not in the way kids tell the story.



# Record Reviews

**MICHELLE SHOCKED**  
Short Sharp Shocked  
(Polygram)

Is folk music coming back or what? Should it? Only sometimes. Michelle Shocked is out of East Texas, and she has that twangy, lanky-limbed sound that's usually the prime reserve of the beer, truck and chaw set. Or Dylan imitators. Either one.

But 'Shel Shocked manages to pull it off in her album Short Sharp Shocked. She takes a genre that's almost by definition a little backwards, and transforms it into something that's almost hip. It's music that's true to its dusty dirt-road origins and at the same time sophisticated enough even for the Bug Apple.

The tracks that work best are those most irrevocably bound up with the soul of the artist. "Memories of East Texas" is a mournful ballad that will sound familiar to anyone who's ever been an alien on their own front porch and come out alive if not unscarred.

"V.F.D." is about being a kid and lighting fires for kicks and is a riot as is "Gladwater", your basic goin'-on-a-beer run ditty. "If Love Was a Train" is an incredibly raunchy little song and listening to it makes you want to roll your wheels down SOMEBODY'S back! Most of these tracks hit it pretty hard, in fact. The possible exceptions are "Graffiti Limbo" and "The L & N Don't Stop Here Anymore". Neither are bad songs but both have an element of emotional removal that makes them weaker than the album's other offerings. Patty-O says give it your open ears.

Patty O'Furniture

**TEXAS INSTRUMENTS**  
Sun Tunnels  
(Rabid Cat Records)

An Austin band on the same label that gave us Scratch Acid. I didn't expect it to be near this cool; last year's self titled album went right through me, but this one works in every way. Sounds like the type of thang you used to get from Ruby (records) back when the Flesh Eaters, Gun Club, and Dream Syndicate were still turnin' out great discs. And this one is as good as any of them recs, which says a buttload. This record belongs in any collection you'd want to call yer own...

Russ L.

**HEAD OF DAVID**  
Dustbowl  
(Blast First)

Produced by the prolific Steve Albini. These guys lay it down good an' HARD, just the way yer mother likes it. It's a sonic cerebral hemorrhage that'll put you in yer place, like the puddin' you really are! This here is Black Sabbath on forty-five, scratched ta shit and played at eleven, Motorhead come Big Black. It's the fix you been jonesin' for.

Russ L.

**PUSSY GALORE**  
Right Now  
(Caroline Records)

The goddamn fugin' livin' end! If you don't already own everything they've ever done you need it pal, like a junkie needs his junk. This, their first long player, is yet another album Steve Albini had a hand in. But the Pussys don't need Steve or Christina or anybody else; they've been crankin' this grime out since before Big Steve learned ta program his drum machine. Formed by Bob Bert, (ex Sonic Youth drummer) these guys and gals sound all at once like Sonic Youth, Cramps, Butthole Surfers and vintage era Wire (Pink Flag, Chairs Missing). Kinda like the Sonics (not Youth) on heroin. Which makes them just about the best band goin' at the moment. If you don't have their earlier stuff, let this one infect ya first then go out and get "Groovy Hate Fuck"; it's got the rest of their scum you need...

Russ L.

**THE POGUES**  
If I Should Fall From Grace With God  
(Island)

The Pogues are Irish Youth steeped in London low life just long enough to get attitude real bad. They happen where Punk meets Trad (Irish traditional music). It's brilliant whiskey drinking music. It's cool. The Pogues are as sad and beautiful and angry as any dirty coal burning town.

There isn't a lot to do in Ireland. You can drink and fuck and fight the English and ultimately emigrate. The Pogues sing about these things and much MUCH more in their latest album, If I Should Fall From Grace With God.

In the title song they sing about being irrevocably bound to soil that is their own but which is not under their own control. The English have a foreign policy problem ... they don't know when to go home.

In "Bottle of Smoke" they sing about the old gambling bug. In a country where thirty percent unemployment is not uncommon, and the dole is the rule, a twenty-five to one bet on a horse is a way to heaven that even the priests can't condemn. The Pogues are a sure bet.

Patty O'Furniture

**DENTISTS**  
Beer Bottle and Bannister Symphonies  
(Antler Records, Belgium)

Jean Paul Sartre Experience  
Love Songs  
(Flying Nun/Fundamental Music)

Here are a couple of albums by two bands that have gone criminally unnoticed. They've been rotting in the import bins, passed over by trendy college fucks in their rush for the latest placebo from some big hair band. It's a cryin' shame 'cause all the while these two bands have been putting out the real thing, quirky pop with catchy harmonies and off center lyrics at once beautiful and unsettling. Like a good fart in a crowded elevator, it sure feels great but you can't help being a little uncomfortable. Both of these offerings are compilations, giving you a chance to catch up on a couple of bands you should know more about. Get yourself some and eat it up yum!

Russ L.



**PIXIES**  
Surfer Rosa  
(4AD/Rough Trade U.S.)

I can't really figer out how they got on 4AD, 'cept that they're from Boston and are friends with Throwing Muses (another band that doesn't fit in on 4AD). It's produced by Steve "Big Black" Albini, which just don't jive — guess he'll be producing Windham Hill artists next. Anyhoo, sounds like Violent Femmes with the chick from Muses, and Albini on guitar. I hear that they don't dig Steve at all. Too bad; they benefit in a BIG way from his production, check out the dif between this version of "Vamos" and the version on their first EP "Come On Pilgrim". Great guitar sound with a healthy sense of humor and a healthy set of tits on the cover, which gives ya four good reasons to go out and snap it up pronto...

Russ L.

**CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN**  
Our Beloved Revolutionary Sweetheart  
(Virgin)

Camper Van Beethoven's new album, Our Beloved Revolutionary Sweetheart, presents a departure from their previous ones. They're on a new label, have a slick new sound and many more lyrics (musta took a correspondence course or somethin'). I like it. Some of you purists out there may be offended, but — tough shit.

My favorite track is "Tania", all about 1988's matron-of-the-year Patty Hearst, set back in her gun-toting youth. I'm sure even you whippersnappers out there know the story, so I won't bore you with details — this song speaks for itself.

These guys ability to pull off a melodic tune not dripping with insipidness is still strong, as evidenced in "Eye of Fatima" parts 1 and 2.

"O Death", comes off as a bit corny and heavy handed. This is a traditional piece, not a Camper Van original, and it shows. Guess it seemed like a good idea at the time.

"She Divines Water" underscores their close association with ex label-mate Spot 1019. One riff is duplicated note for note in Spot's new album This World Owes Me a Buzz. Lyrics reminiscent of mind association on acid.

A couple of tracks — "Devil Song" and the aforementioned "O Death" to name two, don't work for me, but on the whole I'd give it a hearty check it out.

Kodiak

**RIVER ROSES**  
Each and All  
(Pitch-a-Tent)

They were heralded as the best unsigned band in America just last year by none other than Camper Van Beethoven. This, their first release on Camper's ex-label, takes care of that mistake, releasing songs from their first three demos, plus their first single, the infectious Phoenix 99. It's not unlike what you used to expect dB records to put out. But, since Zeitgeist (now the Rievers) and Guadalcanal Diary haven't been making much of anything worth listening to of late, that's left a gaping hole in my innards yearnin' for some good song writing with a sun-baked feel. And this slab-o-vinyl fills that void comfortably. Ten times better than anything Don Dixon's had anything to do with in a long while...

Russ L.

## JUMBUCKS

I want to tell you about an appealing and affordable place to eat. Perhaps you've been there. If you've walked down Columbus and passed Union Street, you've probably seen the red sign announcing Jumbucks.

They offer a variety of sandwiches made with their slow-roasted lamb. They also serve platters of lamb with an assortment of extras, and a succulent sausage sandwich. One of my favorite meals is the Superroll and a coke, which for well under five bucks feeds me well. The Superroll is a generous helping of lamb on a french roll, topped with lettuce, a creamy sauce, and the always amazing grilled onions. The lamb is spicy, tender and exciting, and everything is fresh.

The people at Jumbucks are always friendly and willing to let you sample the lamb. The atmosphere is clean and simple, with a few tables in addition to seats at the counter. If you prefer, you can get take-out and eat your lunch across the street in Washington Square Park. Jumbucks gets two thumbs up.

John Weir



# Active Eyes

## Carol Johnson

I reject male supremacy.  
I reject sexual exploitation.  
I reject violence against women.  
I reject those who think a woman still wants sex even after she says no.  
I reject and hate those who rape women, the earth, our ways of being strong human beings.

The need for feminism continues because, although we have gained some basic personal rights, the tolerance for violent and degrading actions towards women is still very high. The stereotypical ideas of men as the dominant sex and women as the submissive one affect how we see ourselves and spice people's expectations of us.

We can either maintain the status quo, or we can choose to be active beings in this society. That means we can challenge the stereotypes of women's traditional roles in society. Sexism will continue unless we do something about it.

Mainstream advertising and media demonstrate very narrow representations of women. Women are not portrayed as having and utilizing personal power; they are portrayed as sexual objects. In these ads, the women look to others to gain acknowledgement and self value. Advertising does have a certain persuasive power that can make it easy for the observer to accept what is being sold. The people creating these images only care about what will sell the product. Yet society is being unconsciously affected by these unhealthy and degrading images of women.

There is very little healthy advertising of sharing, compassion, intimacy and love between people of equal status — it is still domination over, and it is always man and woman, it is almost never portrayals of lesbian/gay lifestyles.

The ideal woman, as portrayed by mainstream media, is a woman of small physical size; that is what is "in". Small physical size makes it easier to be overpowered by another. Many models maintain their size through starvation and vomiting. Food is basic to our survival and symbolic to the nurturance of ourselves. Oppression does not start within, it starts from without, from people wanting to dominate and have control over us.

Sexual harrassment, rape and domestic violence are very common occurrences but are very seldom discussed. Every time a woman walks down the street at night alone she needs to be aware of the possibility of rape. Why is this happening??? Rape is not sex, and rape is not a turn on. Rape is a violent aggressive act utilizing extreme forms of domination and power over another person. Rape is a violation of one's own rights and of one's own body. It happens every day yet many people refuse to discuss it because "it is too depressing". When you or someone close to you is raped you realize how many people have been affected by this.

People in positions of power in this country — white males — have strong interests in maintaining domination over women. Strong women are a threat to this patriarchal society. If women were strong, men would no longer be able to take their aggression out on women; they would need to take responsibility for their actions.

We must stand up to patriarchy's road of destruction and be strong women who demand change.

# The Demon of Punk Hotel

by Spot Mahoney

## CHAPTER I

You want hysterical? Let me tell you about my Aunt Minnie. The woman is nuts, stark raving. To begin with she keeps poodles; tiny, curling poodles with eyes that pop out and point in different directions. She keeps boxes full of ribbons for their fur, nail polish for their nails and tiny doll sunglasses for their cute little faces.

She did have two of them, but when Kidget choked on a piece of candy cane at Christmas time and died, that left Suzy. Suzy's a three-pound orange mutant with dark streaks running down the sides of her face, from the corners of her eyes. She looks like she could maybe have a giant thyroid gland growing where her brain should be. Sometimes the folks call her "Suzypoo" because she isn't quite housebroken.

Now, I had the great misfortune to have to spend a good chunk of my adolescence in my Aunt's house in Tucson, Arizona. Have you every been to Tucson, Arizona? So you can't blame me for thinking maybe it was the second coming when "Here's Johnny" Carson announced "Here's the Sex Pistols!" in 1977 on the T.V. in Tucson.



I was completely awestruck and turned the sound up. God save the Queen, and Jesus, Mary and Joe, if Sid hadn't got the middle finger of his left hand up his nose to the third joint.

You've got to realize that these were the nineteen-seventies and this was the first American T.V. appearance. It was the Birth of Punk in America, and definitely a great personal revelation to me at sixteen.

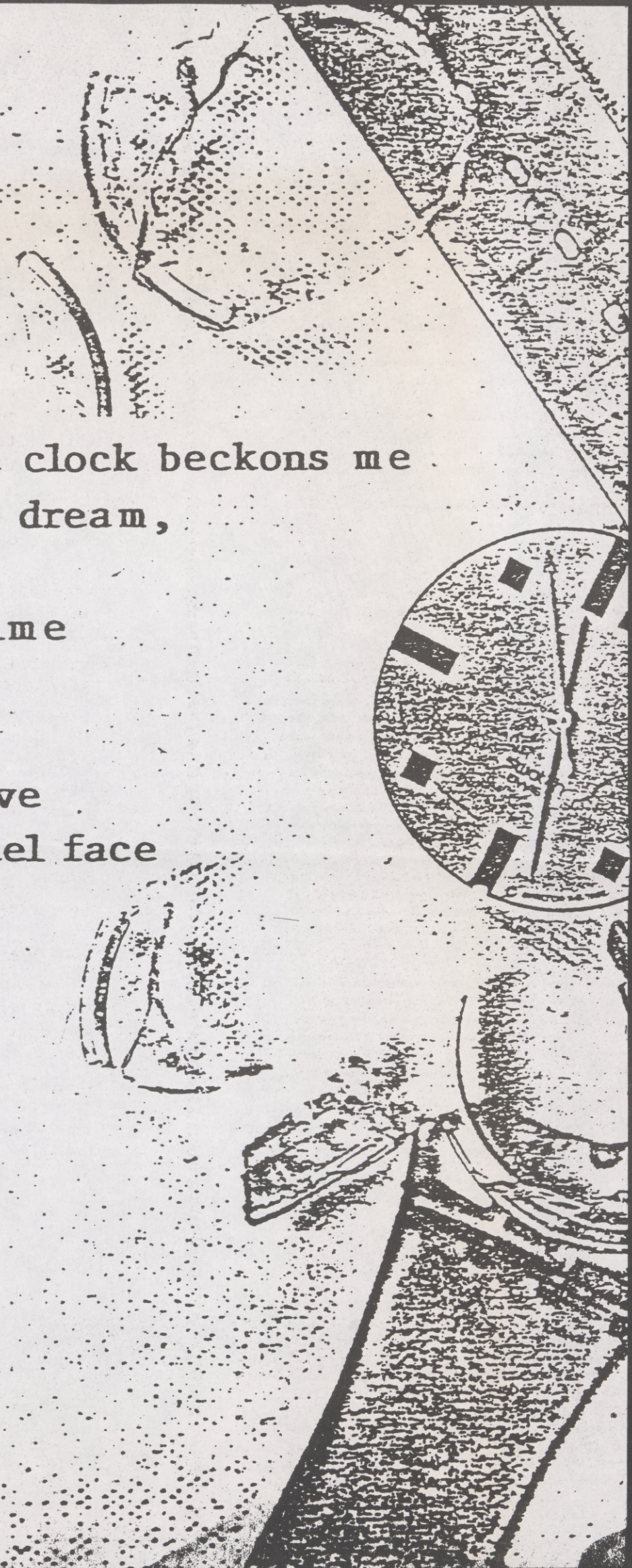
At that age I spent alot of time wondering what had happened to the nineteen-sixties. It seemed like one minute it was the Zodiak Killer and the Great Unwashed and my brother's friend Marvin getting his stomach pumped, and the next thing I know it's Barry Manilow, polyester scenic shirts and girls with Dorothy Hamill haircuts and elephant pants. So you can understand why an ugly, arrogant, sixteen-year old social misfit would welcome an opportunity to puke on the plebes.

And then my aunt walked in. She had been in the kitchen polishing table legs and was now standing in the doorway with her mouth open and her pink fingernails clutching impotently at her leathery jowls.

I jumped to my feet, slumped my body to one side and stuck my finger up my nose. "God save the Queen!" I shouted. "She ain't no human being!"







The deceitful face of the clock beckons me  
On it whispers, on to the dream,  
the joy, of tomorrow  
And once again I allow time  
to drag me onward

But I am too sly to believe  
its lying whispers, its cruel face  
And I know one day  
That I will smash it  
Destroying time  
Setting myself free





**WINTER 1988**